

NEW YORK MIRROR

A REFLEX OF THE DRAMATIC EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

Vol. I., No. 24.

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THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

DRAMA IN THE STATES.

DOINGS OF PLAYER FOLK ALL OVER THE COUNTRY.

Chicago.

JUNE 8.

McVICKER'S.—The second week of Pinafore and Cox and Box by Duff's co. has been successful in comfortably filling the house nightly. Russell Glover has replaced Alonso Hatch as Ralph. Glover is a fair tenor; about as awkward as amateurs usually are when they try to combine acting with singing. Tom Whiffen makes a tremendous hit, and Mile Jarreau comes in for the next biggest slice of popular approbation. 9th, we are to have a decent presentation of Leococ's Little Duke, which was recently attempted at Haverly's by the Alice Oates co. Florence Ellis has come on to sing the title role; W. H. McDonald will be Montiberry; Tom Whiffen, Frimousse; Mrs. Marie Bauman, the Directress; Annie Shaffer and Mile Verona Jarreau alternate as the Duchess. 16th, Fatimitza.

HAYERLY'S.—Annie Pixley has unfortunately been handicapped by John McDonough and the bad play called M'liss, the work of a California Bohemian named Cox, and therefore has not taken the front place she deserves. This bright little actress is unquestionably one of the best soubrettes we have ever had here, and if she possessed a good repertoire would speedily become a very popular star. I think Miss Pixley should try comic opera. If she should do so Mrs. Oates would very shortly be put to rout. Business has been very respectable, considering that Miss Pixley was a stranger here. If the little lady will come next season, either in opera bouffe or some good play possessing novelty as well as merit, she will receive something like an ovation. At all events, I beseech her to leave McDonough behind to sing in Pinafore if he wants to. 9th, the genuine Church Choir Pinafore. The cast embraces some good local singers, which will insure the music of the opera fair play, but some diabolical acting may be looked for. 16th, Verdi's Requiem Mass, by the Beethoven Society. Annie Louise Cary, Hunnah McCarthy, Charles Adams, G. W. Conly, etc., 17th, Tony Pastor and combination.

HOOLEY'S.—The little Pinafore people at Hooley's have created quite a commotion among the little folks, and the large ones too, for that matter. Some of the midgets, notably Minnie Maddern (Ralph), a daughter of T. W. Davey, Josie and Emma Hanley, and Master Clendening, put to shame many of their elder competitors. 9th, Harry Pearson, who has had a hard time of it lately, is up for a benefit, which I trust will give the old gentleman the lift he so much needs just now. Steele Mackaye has generously given the services of himself and company, who appear in Won at Last; Pearson playing Jack Driscoll for "this occasion only." 10th, and rest of week, Mackaye co. continue, and there will be daily matinees by the Juvenile Favorites.

ACADEMY.—Alf and Lulu Wyman have played Yankie, the new piece by Lewis of the Detroit Free Press. The play is not without merit, but the plot is crudely worked out. The Wymans are clever. **ITEMS.**—A party, headed by Frank Irving, late Admiral of Pauline Markham's Pinafore, will try their luck at the Halsted Street Opera House, 9th.—Before starting West Lester Wallack presented Misses Rand and Den souvenirs, and gave little Carrie Elberts a gold locket, inscribed "Rosedale."—Edwin Browne, a good actor, but who is usually in hard luck, is in town. He has been playing in Good as Gold at the North Side Theatre.—Mrs. Browne (Josie Crocker) is playing at the Halsted Street.—George D. Irish is the new doorkeeper at Haverly's.—John Dillon is in town. I heartily congratulate John on having at last spewed out the disreputable Wallack. Dillon has found out that he will never get beyond the barns in the country villages along Wallack's route, so long as he allows that shady individual to lead him by the nose. To J. W. Blaisdell will in future be confided the arduous task of keeping John sober.—Hooley writes that he is organizing a mastodon minstrel party, which he proposes showing us here, 23d, and then takes them on the road. Dick means well, but the field is already occupied by the invincible Col. Haverly.—David Crockett Henderson, the Tribune critic, has had a little misunderstanding with one Capt. or Major McConnell, who fixes upon what he calls dramatic criticisms, for a queer "society" sheet, devoted to the extolling of the fancy underclothing and other appurtenances pertaining to certain brainless young women, supposed to belong to our upper crust.—Harry Webber and most of his company are in town.—Rose Lisle opens at Hamlin's to-morrow, 9th, in her adaptation called The Foundlings. George A. Morris, W. A. Whitecar, Alf Johnson, Harry Wentworth, Maggie Barnes, Claire Scott, etc., will constitute the support.—John Dillon opens at Hooley's, 18th. He has two new pieces, entitled A Quarter to Eleven and Our Next President.

Boston.

There is very little new going on about the city. The Gaiety and Howard are closed for the season. The Banker's Daughter is still running at the Park to very good business. The Mulligan Guard Ball at the Museum is drawing wonderfully well. The patrons of the Museum are hardly used to a variety performance, even though it be of a first-class order, and we are afraid that it is not wholly palatable to all the habitues of Mr. Field's admirable place of entertainment.

GLOBE.—Mile. Aimée in French opera-bouffe has held the boards the past week, but has not made a fortune.

BOSTON THEATRE.—Sylvester Baxter's translation of Fatimitza is meeting with unbounded success. The piece is mounted in a most elaborate manner. Wednesday evening, Adelaide Phillips, who assumes the title role, was taken ill, and a substitute was obliged to sing the part at a very short notice.

In our last letter we answered an article which appeared in another paper, and which dealt very severely and unjustly with one of Boston's leading managers. If the aforesaid sheet was in search of some manager who stood ready to assail the profession, he can be found—and in Boston—but not in the person of Manager Field. It is a man who has had, as he claims, thirty years' experience, and for the last few years he has dealt mostly in variety; a man who is to link his fortunes with the coming season with a gentleman from New York.

This man will stand upon the steps of his theatre, and call all members of the profession charlatans and blacklegs, drunkards and thieves. Now what should be done with a man of this stamp? Every woman and man in the business which he assails so vigorously

should work with one accord to exterminate a person who traduces so violently the people upon whom he is dependent for support. If the true nature of the man was thoroughly known in dramatic circles, the business of the theatre which he represents would be much poorer the coming season than it was the past.

The manager to whom I refer is B. F. Tryon of the Howard Atheneum. My statement is not from hearsay; but in a direct conversation with me he gave utterance to his sentiments as above.

Brooklyn.

Now that J. H. Haverly has leased the new Brooklyn Theatre, which is expected to be finished about next October, a lively season is anticipated next winter, but the rivalry will be confined to the Park and the new theatre. The latter starts out under disadvantages, principally that of superstition. Some may be inclined to pooh-pooh this, but it nevertheless remains a significant fact that the horrors of the burning of the late theatre still cling to the memory of the public, despite the intervening years. Yet Haverly has shown himself to be a thorough business man, with plenty of experience, and if the new theatre prospers it will be due to his individual efforts.

The Park on last Saturday evening closed for the Summer. All things considered, the Park season has been a prosperous one in every respect. Col. Simm continues the public taste, caters to it admirably, and has an able corps of assistants, chiefly Assistant-Manager George R. Edeson, who is a great card in Brooklyn. Aside from this, from the Comedy down, good luck seems to exist even in the atmosphere of the Park.

Philadelphia.

WALNUT.—Monday night Mr. F. C. Bangs commenced a week's engagement in Dan'l Drue, supported by Geraldine Maye. This is the last week of the season.

ARCH.—Aimee began an engagement Monday night. She stays one week, with a nightly change of programme.

CHESTNUT.—Fatimitza continues to draw good houses.

MUSEUM.—Laboring under a revival of Uncle Tom's Cabin.

Williamsburg, L. I.

NOVELTY.—Warde-Barrymore comb, appeared here last week in Diplomacy, the Coquie for one year, commencing Sept. 1. He is going to run a first-class variety show. During the Summer months the house will be thoroughly renovated and put in proper order. Mr. C. is well known, and has many friends in the Burg, and there is no doubt he will be successful.

The absorbing topic of conversation is the attempted suicide of Mrs. Frank Mordaunt, by taking an over-dose of morphine, on Friday last. The writer interviewed the lady. She is in excellent health and says there is no truth in the reports that have been circulated about her. Mr. Mordaunt returned home the 8th.

Jersey City.

OPERA HOUSE.—Last week The Unknown was given. W. H. Bailey gave a breezy performance of the sailor, Jack Salt. Geo. Ketchum introduced his barn-yard imitations, which are amusing; but the introduction of variety business into a "romantic idyll" is out of place. There has been trouble in the camp this week. Mr. Smith, the alleged moneyed man of the new firm, disappeared early in the week, leaving Walter Edmunds, his partner, to meet all liabilities, which it is impossible for him to do. Friday and Saturday nights the company played on the Commonwealth plan. Oliver Bond Byron has canceled for this week, and the house remains closed. It will probably be opened next week by a light comic opera troupe in Little Don Caesar and Maritana. Negotiations are now pending.

ITEM.—Fanny Davenport is spending a few days here with a friend, prior to her departure to her mother's country residence at Canton, Pa. She is looking well after her California trip. Her route next season will be under the direction of J. H. Haverly.

San Francisco.

JUNE 3.

CALIFORNIA.—Lawrence Barrett is playing a poor engagement. Eight plays—six evening performances, one matinee, and a double Bill Friday night—were presented last week. Barrett opened his second week with The Duke's Motto. The piece is magnificently mounted, and promises to draw well. Barrett plays here one more week, and then proceeds to Oregon.

BALDWIN.—Last evening Rose Coghlan made her first appearance in this city, playing Lady Gay Spanker. Miss Coghlan received a warm reception. Nina Varian had already established herself favorably here on a former occasion, as her reception as Grace Harkaway proved.

Pinafore has reached fever heat. At the Bush they are playing it in conjunction with the Berger entertainment, making a strong double bill, which is drawing well. Miss Ainsworth has succeeded Miss La Feuvre as Josephine. Hattie Moore, as Buttercup, has made that character and its music immensely popular.

Kennedy opens the Standard with the Melville Pinafore comb, Friday night next, and Fred Lyster's Amy Sherwin comb, do it on Monday next with the Grand.

ITEM.—Joe Murphy is reported doing well in the interior.—Miss Rena has closed her long and successful engagement at the Bella Union. She is considering favorable offers to go East and do some of her own plays; Run to Earth, by Frank Dumont, being one of them.—Boucicault must be contemplating opening Booth's with a tremendous company, for if there be a disengaged professional in this city who has not received a "favorable offer" from "Boney," I have failed to hear him mentioned.

Auburn, N. Y.

There was nothing here in the way of amusements during the past week. Friday, June 13, Sells Brothers' great European circus spreads its canvas in this city.

THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

Cincinnati, O.

JUNE 8.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—The new opera burlesque troupe that has been organizing here for some time will commence an engagement of one week to-morrow evening, when they appear in the first production of the new operetta, Love's Trials, as arranged by D. S. Schuerman, with the following cast: Miss Stanley Werner as Leonora; Robert Bonner as Maurice; Susie Parker as Juliet; Ella Miller as the conspirator's wife; H. J. Wetherell as the Count; M. W. Eiske as Romeo; D. S. Schuerman as the Alchemist and chief conspirator; Ed Werner as Pat and the Dutch Captain; Henry King as Captain of the Regulars. Orchestral music by R. Maddern, musical director. Twelve beautiful young ladies as the Regular Soldiers, handsomely costumed, who are thoroughly up in the manual, for which the management offers \$1,000 for a successful competition. This company is a very large one, numbering over forty people, and contains among its members some excellent talent, both actors and vocalists.

HEUCK'S OPERA HOUSE.—The Richmond and Von Boyle comb, have played to fair business the past week, and appear at both performances to-day in the "laughable" comedy of Our Candidate, which, by the way, is a great improvement on Beware of Tramps. The comedy is full of fun—of a sort that makes one laugh in spite of himself. There is no attempt at a plot, but it shows the trials and temptations that have to be met in aspiring to office under our present system of polities. As the Candidate, Harry Richmond fairly outdoes himself, proving himself a character comedian of the first class. Mr. Von Boyle as the Chinaman is very clever. W. H. Jones, as the Ward Politician, in make-up, dialect, and acting, scored a success. This gentleman is an excellent actor. The rest of the company was only passing fair. The comb appears in a new piece at an early date.

ITEMS.—Charles Brodwell is going to organize a Pina-4 troupe.—John Rogers left for New York Saturday night.—Gervis Gilbert is still very ill at his home in Linwood.—W. H. Power leaves for the East this week. He has a new play, and will star it in this week.—Bob Miles will manage the Grand next season.—Cincinnati is full of snap companies.—Al. Burnett's benefit at the Grand, June 23.—A Cincinnati boy, named Edward Bloom, pawned himself off as agent for Emerson's Minstrels, and got locked up a few days in Chillicothe, O.—Harry Vance is a boss agent.—The Blind Tom concerts were very poorly attended.—Miss Jones-Yorker gets \$600 for her services during the Saengerfest.—That doorkeeper at Heuck's has a memory about as long as a cistern pole.

Baltimore, Md.

HOLIDAY.—Widow Bedott was given for three nights and matinee last week, to only fair business. It does not amount to very much as a play, though the parts of the Widow and Elder Sutties are quite funny, and are played very well by Neil Burgess and George Stoddart. The balance of the company do not have very much to do, and are satisfactory.

FORD'S.—Charles E. Ford's annual benefit takes place on Thursday, 12th, when Ingmar will be given, with John McCullough in the title role, and Mary Anderson as Particia.

ACADEMY.—The Summer Garden Concerts were well attended last week. Mr. Carlberg is an excellent director, and has gotten the orchestra to play very well together. Levy outdid himself, playing better if possible than he did last Summer. Mrs. Florence Rice-Knox has a contralto voice of considerable compass. She created a very favorable impression. She sang an arioso from Le Prophete on Thursday night especially well. This week the soloists are Caterina Marc, soprano, and Ferranti, the basso.

Cleveland, O.

EUCLID AVENUE OPERA HOUSE.—Tony Pastor and his mammoth troupe will put in an appearance for one night, on the 11th. On the evening of the 13th John Ellsler, the veteran manager, is to be tendered a complimentary benefit by his numerous Cleveland friends, which takes place in the Opera House, on which occasion his accomplished daughter, Miss Effie, will make her first appearance at that house this season. The programme will comprise the play of Pocahontas, and the one-act cantata, Trial by Jury.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The two performances of Haverly's Georgia Minstrels, by taking an over-dose of morphine, on Friday last. The writer interviewed the lady. She is in excellent health and says there is no truth in the reports that have been circulated about her. Mr. Mordaunt returned home the 8th.

ITEMS.—Mr. Ellsler has severed entirely his connection with the Opera House of this city, and rumor has it that he will also quit Cleveland for good, but this latter statement is not authoritative.—J. B. Curran of the Criterion Comedy co. is spending a brief period with his family in this city.

Easton, Pa.

On the evening of June 2 our Opera House was occupied by the Royal Blondes, who gave a decidedly commonplace performance to a purely masculine audience of rather meagre proportions. June 5, the Rice Evangeline comb, played to a very large house. The management had widely advertised Miss Venie Clancy as Evangeline and Harry Hunter as the Lone Fisherman, but neither of them were with the troupe. The performance was nevertheless most satisfactory to their audience and creditable to the company. George K. Fortescue as Catherine made the most pronounced hit of the evening, while Lizzie Webster added largely to the esteem in which she is held by Easton play-goers. Her costumes were particularly striking and elegant.

Columbus, O.

OPERA HOUSE.—Closed. Nothing booked. Manager Comstock comes out in a glowing announcement regarding proposed improvements at the Opera House, so we will have two first-class places of amusement next season.

ITEMS.—There is a good opening here for a variety hall. An enterprising manager could make it pay.—Harry Pierson, formerly of the Athenaeum, under H. J. Sargent's control, is visiting in town.—Ed Kaufman of Chillicothe, treasurer for Theodore Morris, is also in the city.

Montreal, Can.

Tony Pastor at the Academy of Music to good business, gave a fine show last week. Academy closes for repairs June 5. At the Theatre Royal, the Criterion Comedy co. played three nights to poor houses. Season closes here on June 6. No dates for next week.

Hartford, Conn.

JUNE 8.

ROBERT'S OPERA HOUSE.—Silence reigns supreme within these walls, and has during the whole week. On Sunday evening, June 1, the Guermillas gave an expose of spiritualism, which was really enjoyable, though but few were there to enjoy it. Either a slip of my pen or a fantasy of your composter made me announce Haverly as coming with Pinafore on the 13th. Thank Heaven! it is not true. It is his Mastodon troupe which is to come. They had splendid business when here before, and will do well now.

I believe we have no other announcements for some time to come.

There is a rumor that the New National will be opened 23d for one week, but it lacks confirmation.

Chillicothe, O.

COUCH'S OPERA HOUSE.—Haverly's Georgia Minstrels (colored) are booked at this house for June 17. Dates ahead: Wheeling, Va., 18th; Zanesville, O., 14th; Newark, 16th; Columbus, 18th; Springfield, 19th; Dayton, 20th; Richmond, Ind., 21st. Ed. Kauffman of this city will be the lessor and manager for the season of 1879-80. He is also treasurer with Manager Morris in the Ohio circuit.—Wesley C. Hamilton of this city goes to the box-office of the Grand Opera House, Columbus, next season.—This community has just recovered from the infliction of a couple of nomadic tent shows—rural minstrels, accompanied by educated hogs, guinea pigs, rabbits, birds, etc.

ITEM.—Messrs. Dobson and Mackay disclaim any part in the row reported in our Chillicothe letter last week, and deny that any lady's name was mentioned in the controversy.—Ed. N. Y. MIRROR.]

Newark, N. J.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.—11th, Prof. Clemmer's Jubilee—500 children in songs, tableau, etc. Leonard Gray, the manager of this house, is managing a series of excursions to Greenwood Lake, over the Midland R. R. These trips were very popular last season. Mr. Gray also furnishes a concert on each of his excursion days at the Lake.

OPERA HOUSE.—10th and 11th, Haverly's Minstrels.

PARK HALL.—Midgets at this hall are drawing good houses. They remain another week. Hence to Coney Island.

Grand Rapids, Mich.

At Powers' Opera House, the Louise Pomeroy co. played before miserable houses, on the 2d, 3d, and 4th. The company is a good one, and deserving of better success than it met with here.

At Smith's Opera House business continues only fair. The new arrivals this week are: Weiston and Fox and Tom Murray.

13th, a circus; 14th, another circus.

Indianapolis, Ind.

OPERA HOUSE.—Has

THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

3

NEW YORK AMUSEMENTS.

The English Opera Company concluded its engagement at the Lyceum on Saturday night before a large house. The company is now in Boston. This week Manager Haverly presents the juvenile Pinafore troupe, which has been playing in the afternoon, at all the evening performances. They furnish one of the most enjoyable entertainments seen in New York this season. The Dick Deadeye (Joe Dunn) is simply unimitable. The Captain Corcoran is Master Newman, well known to the patrons of all variety theatres—a young lad with a phenomenal tenor voice for one of his years. The Sir Joseph is Alfred Klein, at one time the Roundy in Joshua Whitehouse. He makes a very portly and very acceptable Admiral. The other parts—Josephine, Ralph, Buttercup and Hebe—are sung by pretty and clever children. The mounting is the best yet seen in New York, and, altogether, the show is one which should be seen by every one.

At the Standard William Henderson continues to present his own admirable company in Pinafore. The Buttercup of Estelle Mortimer and the Josephine of Catherine Lewis are alone worth the price of admission. Miss Lewis is, vocally, by far the best Josephine we have had, while Miss Mortimer infuses such life into the Bumblefoot woman, that one is apt, like Captain Corcoran, to fall in love with her at sight. Mr. Henderson is happy in his selection of Ralph Rackstraw, a singer of fine method and excellent presence.

The third Pinafore is at the Madison Square, which has recovered from its prospective infliction of Trix, and become quite a popular resort. We have already spoken of the excellence of the Saville company, and it remains only to be noted that they have drawn remarkably well, considering the weather. Digby Bell as the Admiral, Flora Barry as Buttercup, and Lillian Bell as Josephine, are the best in the cast. This troupe shows most excellent practice, and at any other time would do a good business.

Jasper at the Broadway showed signs of doing a little better business toward the latter part of last week, and Mr. Fulton has resolved to keep it on. It has "struck" nowhere but the gallery, which is strange, as Devere is a popular performer, and the play is an excellent one of its class. The next attraction will be Charlotte Thompson in Jane Eyre.

This is benefit week at the Bowery. Charles Foster, Ethel Allen, and George C. are the favored ones. Next Monday night Pinafore will be produced for the first time at this theatre, with Ethel Lynton as Josephine. This is the company which was to have gone to the Broadway.

Horrors is doing a fair business at the Union Square. It has pleased very well, and, though Alice Atherton, a decided feature of the Surprise Party, is missed from the cast, her absence is made up by the others. Linda Merville is especially charming.

Engaged at the Grand Opera House has been drawing light houses, arising from the lateness of the season, the bad weather, and the inappropriateness of the play to this theatre. The season closes on Saturday.

Booth's, the Park, Olympic, Fifth Avenue, Niblo's, the Globe, and Comique continue closed. There will be no new openings before August.

—Marie Litta drew a \$2,000 house for her benefit in San Francisco.

T. W. Davey's circuit, including many prominent theatres in the West, can now be arranged for. A list of the houses and other particulars can be found in the card elsewhere. Managers and agents have many inducements offered to them to make this circuit a part of the season's tour.

—Hooley's Theatre, Chicago, opens its season on the 25th of August with Fryer's Fatinitza Company, followed by the Salsbury Troubadours, Rice's Evangeline, Lawrence Barrett, John T. Raymond, Joe Murphy, J. K. Emmet, Fanny Davenport, Rolson and Crane, and others.

—Tracy Titus will have an English opera troupe on the road next season. Emilie Melville will be the prima-donna. Laura Joyce, H. C. Peakes, and Eugene Clark will be members.

—Billy Sweatman, the minstrel, has "bought" half of the Park Theatre (late Arch Street Opera House), Philadelphia, for \$12,000, under a judgment he held against the property.

—The contemplated lease of Wallalla Hall, Deadwood, by Joseph Proctor, the tragedian, was canceled on the 2d, owing to the action of Mr. Leichsenring in leasing the vacant lots adjoining for a concert garden.

—Under the management of Messrs. Parker and Marcellus, a company known as the Park Theatre combination, with A. R. Brooks and Ellie Johns as stars, has been playing through the Pennsylvania coal regions.

—On the 16th a new operatic extravaganza by Fred J. Eustis and Charles F. Pidgin, will be produced at the Gaiety Theatre, Boston. It is called Sancho Pedro, and will engage the services of Misses Amy Ames, Sadie Martinot, Lizzie Hunt, Elsie Bartelle, Virginia Pingree, Maud Leonard, Ada Minor, Fanny Kingman, Ethel Howard; Messrs. Stanley Field, Henry J. Train, J. H. O'Connor, Sydney Burt, A. E. Nichols, Frank Lodge, Frank Daniels, Arthur T. Kingman, P. D. Fisher, George D. Milton, Mr. Conley and Tom Wright.

Crozette and Sarah Bernhardt.

Crozette is getting fat! She looks wonderfully handsome in her toilets. Three years ago she was a perfect Venus, and, indeed, the fashion of wearing close-fitting Princess dresses, relieved only by scarf draperies, was inaugurated by the appearance of the then lovely Crozette in *L'Etranger* in a dark green velvet dress of that style which fitted her faultless figure to perfection. Now she seems to be fast qualifying herself to take the post of fat woman in a perambulating show. She is growing coarse, too, and the very inelegant cut of her corsage disclosed an amount of plumpitudinous charms that rather forced one to repeat the saying of a French writer of the last century: "I like well enough to see such things, but I do not like to have them shown to me." But her face retains its weird beauty, and her hands and arms are still lovely. It is very comical to see Sarah Bernhardt and Crozette play in the same piece, the first so woefully thin and the second so dimly stout. And Crozette is not yet twenty-eight! What will she be like in ten years more?

Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt is busy rehearsing with Mme. Damaine two dramatic scenes which she proposes to play for the first time in London drawing-rooms. One of these, *La Ligue des Femmes*, represents a scene of jealousy wherein two married women indulge in much civil invective under the delusion that their respective husbands are paying court in an illegitimate direction. The other is more original in conception. A grand dame, incredulous as to the artistic talent of Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt, calls upon the actress and gives her a commission for a sculptured portrait, on condition that it is executed before her eyes. Mlle. Bernhardt accepts the commission and completes a likeness in sight of the audience. The medallion, it may be added, is to be presented to the lady of the house. During the five and twenty minutes that are needed to produce this work of art, an animated dialogue is kept up, in the course of which the actress gives expression, amid much personal detail, to her ideas about art. Strange to say, Mlle. Bernhardt does not yet know the name of the author, he being stipulated that he should keep his name, so until the actress was perfect in his words. The two ladies intended also to act together in various scenes of Moliere.

John Ellsler.

(From the Cleveland Leader.)

Few people who take an interest in Cleveland theatrical matters—past, present, and to come—will read with unconcern the announcement of the Opera House advertisement, that of a benefit performance to its veteran manager, John Ellsler. He is the man of all others most deserving of liberal patronage on an occasion of that kind. He has done all that has been done—for about thirty years at least—for the drama of our city. Mr. Ellsler has severed entirely his connection with the Opera House, and this will be his last appearance on that stage. Some of the papers of the city have announced that he is to leave us altogether. Without knowing positively the truth or falsity of the report, it can safely be said there is some doubt as yet as to its correctness. But whether he is about to bid us farewell or not (and more especially if it is true), the people should make it manifest that he still lives in their kind regard.

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Signor Gialdi's new opera, *Pelle di Leone*, has failed at Parma.

"Miss Guilt" at Wallack's.

There exists in the novels of Wilkie Collins a class of interesting females not to be found elsewhere. The busy world knows them not, and real life furnishes no counterparts. Mercy Merrick, the Magdalen, was the last of the series of which Miss Guilt or Guilt was the first. Miss Guilt was, in fact, one of those charmingly proper young women who, under guise of friend and governess, play such sad havoc in domestic households. She belongs to a class very convenient for the exigencies of the sensational novelist and romancer, but very much out of place on the stage. And herein it may be noted that the stage is so far superior to all other channels and agencies for reproducing the characters and incidents of actual life, that it forces the standard of the dramatist far beyond that of the ordinary narrator. For the stage portrays and exposes not only actions but their reasons and causes. It not only records episodes in life, but it explains them. It deals with motives, and to that extent it is not only a play and a pastime, but a study and an achievement. The heroines of Wilkie Collins' stirring tales commit all sort of crimes and escapades for which no rational reason is assigned or rational excuse offered—save that the plot demands it. When these characters come to be transplanted on the stage and subjected to its searching ordeal they fade and melt away, and we wonder that we could have been interested in the doings of puppets in a world so full of real characters. Miss Guilt, in *Armada*, saves many a chapter from stupidity by some apt crime, but when we come to analyze the possible motives for that crime, we perceive that no adequate ones exists. The novelist has simply shaped the character to suit himself. But when Mr. Collins brings his erring but unimpassioned females from his serial stories to the footlights, they are seen to be distorted, unnatural, impossible and very worthless indeed.

Miss Guilt is an altogether barren offender. She is not actuated by strong passion, seduced by weak feeling, or goaded by hate or fear. She fulfills the demands of the dramatist, and there her usefulness ends. It is natural enough that an actress as pretentious, as unbalanced and as incompetent as Ada Cavendish, should choose such a character. It is natural enough that she should play it better than any of those she has undertaken thus far. It may be accepted as a fact that three such parts as Julia, Rosalind and Pauline, test sufficiently the powers of any woman on the stage. Miss Cavendish has played each of these, and failed in all of them. In *Miss Guilt* she does better. It is a respectable effort—if Guilt can be respectable—and a popular one in some respects.

The spectacle of a frail, fallen and repentant woman, persecuted by her betrayers, always interests the crowd. Though they see little to admire in the acting of Miss Cavendish, there is abundant food for reflection in the tortuous moral ways of the grey-eyed governess—Miss Guilt. Under the same circumstances, an actress, much resembling Miss Cavendish, to wit: Genevieve Ward, aroused considerable interest as Jane Shore, but when she came to play in *Macbeth*, *Henry VIII*, and the *Honeymoon*, her utter incapacity became apparent and her failure followed at her heels. We venture to predict that if Miss Cavendish would play *Jane Shore* in New York, she would here, as she did in San Francisco, pack the house. But it will arise from the power of the piece, not the talent of the actress. On the other hand, a woman like Clara Morris attracts "for herself alone," and, as already seen, made a miserable failure in *Jane Shore*, because it was a gross, coarse picture of shame, suffering and woe, and far beneath the capacity of the actress.

Miss Guilt is not a good piece for hot weather. Those who wish to see a smooth, dull, mechanical performance, unrelieved by the slightest technical blemish and unadorned with the slightest intellectual grace, will find Miss Cavendish's performance a very acceptable one. Others will be apt to ask themselves how a woman of such feeble talents happened to be a "star."

There is some very good acting in *Miss Guilt*. It is furnished by Henry A. Weaver, a capital actor, as Dr. Downward; by Frank Hardenberg as Captain Manuel, and by Stella Boniface, who, as Miss Milroy, is simply charming. Joseph Wheeldon as Midwinter has a part of poor opportunity. Mr. Rockwell, as Mr. Dance, acts with a degree of refinement rare, apt and pleasing, and Mr. Holland is satisfactory as Milroy. That inexpressibly "fresh" young man, Harry Lee, quite reconciles one to any fate which might have overtaken Allen Armada, and Miss Helen Vincent makes her "first appearance at Wallack's" as Louisa, a role of no importance whatsoever. The piece is well set. Attendance fair.

—After the 175th consecutive representation of the Standard Pinafore, the opera will be withdrawn (Saturday night), and on Monday (16th) the lay of the minstrel will be heard within the walls of the Standard. The Original Big 4 Minstrels will appear, including some of the best talent on the variety and minstrel boards. Billy Sweatman is among those engaged.

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—On the 16th a new operatic extravaganza

Alleged Death of Howard Paul.

On Sunday it was announced that Howard Paul was dead. On Monday it was authoritatively denied. On the same day, however, the Associated Press gave out a cable dispatch which authoritatively announced the death on that morning of Mrs. Howard Paul in London. This certainty about the wife following so quickly upon the uncertainty about the husband, of course excited much conversation in the dramatic circles of the city, in which Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul were so well known.

Stephen Fiske, on being interviewed, said:

"Assuming that the reports of the almost

simultaneous deaths of Mr. and Mrs. Howard

Paul be true, it would certainly be curious

if this husband and wife, who for several

years have not lived together, should now

have died together. It is also curious that

even in death Howard Paul should have had

that precedence of his wife which he always

claimed, and never deserved or obtained."

"I knew both Mr. and Mrs. Paul very well, and admired Mrs. Paul's varied, brilliant and original talents exceedingly. Mr. Paul was born at Boston, about 1825, and passed his time almost equally between this country and England. He has a sister married and resident at Philadelphia, whom he frequently visited. Inasmuch as I assume he is not dead, I may say that he was what I may term a professional plagiarist. Songs, stories, plays, novels, pictures—anything was fish for his net. He would tack his name to a poem by Tennyson, and publish it in the Oregon Times, reciprocating by printing as his own one of Mark Twain's sketches in the Berkshire Chronicle. He cribbed Henry S. Leigh's song of 'The Twins' in America, and his latest work was an adaptation of the American translation of one of Gaboriau's novels in the London Sporting and Dramatic News. All the little comedies with which his name is connected as author, such as *Locked Out* and *My Neighbor Opposite*, are translations from the French—or English. The character sketches in which he appeared with his wife were imitations of cleverer people, like Henri Drayton or Fred Maccabe. His advertising expedients were adapted from Albert Smith and Artemus Ward. In a word, I do not believe that Howard ever had an original idea, but he was a shrewd adapter. His death coming before that of his wife is not at all like Howard, and, therefore, I cannot credit it.

"I last heard about him only yesterday, in a letter from London, dated May 27, which stated that Mr. Paul had been engaged to manage the Bronson Howard Truth Company in the English provinces. If Howard, meaning Paul and not Bronson, be dead, Truth killed him, which makes it more incomprehensible.

"Mrs. Howard Paul, however, was a different personage. Born at Dartford, Kent, not far from London, she was there celebrated as Isabella Featherstone a quarter of a century ago, and the highest honors of the lyric and dramatic stage were predicted for her. Why she ever married Mr. Paul was at the time and has ever since been a mystery; their matrimonial differences began, as mutual friends have often informed me, at the church porch. She sank a great career in the peddling entertainments which Mr. Paul organized, and lost her artistic reputation and position without receiving in exchange a tithe of the large fortune which her talents enabled her husband-partner to accumulate.

"Mrs. Paul had a marvelous voice. She could sing soprano, contralto, tenor and basso. Her Captain Macbeth in *The Beggar's Opera* was not more remarkable than her imitation of Schneider in *The Grand Duchess*. I have seen her play both *Lady Macbeth* and *Hecate* on the same evening at Drury Lane. She was equally great as one of the burlesque heroes of Boucicault's *Babyl* and *Bijou*, and as the Mrs. Henry Dove of *Buckstone's Married Life*. The French and Spanish language—she looked like a Castilian beauty—were as familiar to her as English. She could play upon almost any musical instrument. She invented and often wrote her share of the joint entertainments, and after she had separated from her husband wrote entirely new entertainments for herself and a small troupe of three persons. Her last appearance in London was in Arthur Sullivan's opera, *The Sorcerer*, produced in 1878, and recently in this country.

"Mrs. Paul visited this country twice professionally and was arranging for another visit next season. No, she was not popular here, nor for several years has she been popular in London. Mr. Paul had managed to identify her so completely with bizarre imitations of Sims Reeves and Therese that the individuality of her talents had become obscured in the public mind. Yet she was everywhere respected, and her pretty little villa near Regent's Park was the scene of many refined, artistic and social gatherings.

"The only justice I have ever seen done to Mrs. Howard Paul is in Pase's 'Dramatic List' here in the Lotos library, where she is included in the record of artists, while Howard is carefully omitted. Even the presumable obituary notices of him, already published, represent her as contributing largely to his husband's successes. But it was just the other way; he largely diminished her success. She was the claret, he the seltzer," said Mr. Fiske (slating the action to the word), "and although the mixture made a pleasant, light dramatic beverage, the wine would have ripened into a more valuable artistic era could Isabella Featherstone have remained unmixed with Mr. Paul.

"Howard Paul was a member of the Savoy Club in London, and as such was admitted as a visiting member of the Lotos. He visited here last year and announced his intention of retiring from professional life and 'writing for the papers.' Mrs. Howard Paul, on the contrary, was a devotee to her profession and never so happy as when designing a costume, rehearsing a song or writing out a dialogue for the little entertainments with which she latterly delighted the staid audiences of provincial lyceums, suburban halls, the lecture-room of the Crystal Palace, the small theatres of country towns—and even the little theatres of London during the summer months. Her death will be deeply regretted and sincerely mourned, not only by the profession but by society.

"As for Howard—but he's not dead; and if I ventured to drop a tear to his memory he'd come over to thank me and to use the bonum mortuis as a personal puff in all the papers—so I'll drink his health instead of his memory."

French Plays in London.

The transfer of the entire organization of the Theatre Francais to the Gaiety Theatre, London, for a summer season, commenced last Monday. During the time they are away the Paris House of Moliere will be repaired and redecorated. This is the first time that the company of the Francais, as a whole, have ever left Paris. A previous visit of a portion of the company to the Opera Comique, London, in 1873, was peculiarly successful, and Earl Granville presided at a dinner given to them at the Crystal Palace; but this year almost all the seats have been subscribed for long in advance, and the furore will be unprecedented.

The Parisians are, naturally, not overpleased; for, as the State pays for the Francais troupe, it seems but reasonable that they should remain a fixture. Nevertheless, the glory to be won will console the French people, and the extra money will be very grateful even to such artists as Got and Sarah Bernhardt. Several of the societaires are not very conversant with the English language, although an English professor has long been officially attached to the Theatre Francais for the purpose of imparting that tongue to many of the ladies and gentlemen about to cross the Channel for the edification of the elite of London play-goers, and as they work a good deal upon Shakespeare, the quotation "Too bee, our note too bee; satizze questyoun!" is frequently repeated, with a pronunciation which delights their French friends.

Thiron, one of the best of the troupe, will astonish our English cousins. He has the talent of imitation to such a degree that he can perfectly simulate a speech in English or German without employing a real word of either language. He was once chairman at a dinner of the Societe de l'Odeon, given at the Cafe du Theatre du Luxembourg,

THE NEW YORK MIRROR.



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NEW YORK, JUNE 14, 1879.

Amusements.

WALLACK'S THEATRE—Ada Cavendish, UNION SQUARE—Hoffman.

LYCEUM THEATRE—H. M. S. Pinafore.

STANDARD THEATRE—H. M. S. Pinafore.

BROADWAY THEATRE—Sam Devere.

GLOBE THEATRE—Closed.

PARK THEATRE—Closed.

FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE—Closed.

NIRLO'S GARDEN THEATRE—Closed.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—Engaged.

BOWERY THEATRE—Stock in Sundries.

BOOTH'S THEATRE—Closed.

MADISON SQUARE THEATRE—Pinafore.

OLYMPIC THEATRE—Closed.

HARRY MINER'S THEATRE—Variety.

THEATRE COMIQUE—Closed.

LONDON THEATRE—Variety.

VOLKS GARDEN—Variety.

MIRROR LETTER-LIST.

Allen, W. L.	Hastings, Marie C.
Bothwell, John R.	Hyde, W. G.
Clarke, Lillian Cleves	Mitchell, Maggie
Griffith, Hamilton	Osmun, Dr.
Hamblin, Constance	Warde, Fred B.
Norris, Chas.	Sands, Geo. E.

A Sample Case.

Mrs. Alfa Merrill is a rich, pretty, giddy an ambitious young woman who aspires to become an actress. She has studied for some time under the tuition of a well-known teacher, and about eight months ago paid \$350 for the privilege of playing Julia in the Hunchback at a matinee performance at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, to an audience of seventy persons. She afterward played one night in Newark, Essex County, New Jersey, and falling into the clutches of Mr. Hart's "Jonah," suffered the same fate as did Bessie Darling, Leona Moss, Martha Farefield and Regina Dace, and has never appeared at a regular theatrical performance since.

Mrs. Merrill has a husband who is quite willing and abundantly able to humor his wife's Thespian tastes. She reads the dramatic papers, attends all the first nights, buys new dresses and takes an active interest in theatricals without ever having an opportunity to appear on the boards. She has, of course, no talent whatever, and is altogether a very charming lady, and an undeniably bad amateur actress.

Some time ago Alfa Merrill, perceiving the bad outlook for her dramatic career and remembering withal her failure at the Fifth Avenue, concluded to woo fame more ardently, and began casting about for a manager. Then there presented himself Mr. Henry Joralemon Sargent, as arrant a theatrical fraud as ever "shook" the circus tent or conjuror's table for the profits of a dramatic performance. Joralemon Sargent, with the assurance of all monte men and conjurors, promptly "promised" to Mrs. Merrill, the ambitious amateur, an early appearance at the Lyceum Theatre, London, and went on his way rejoicing.

Now Sargent has about as much authority to promise Alfa Merrill an appearance at Mr. Irving's theatre as a scene-shifter at the Union Square has to promise Berry Mitchell an appearance at Wallack's—that is to say, none at all. Sargent's promise was thus very easily made, but Mrs. Merrill rather confidently believed it. So she went forthwith, after the fashion of professional actresses, and engaged herself a "press manager" in the person of Mr. DeNye, and began preparing for her London appearance. Mr. DeNye, after the manner of tyros at any trade, began comparing his new-found employer to Miss Neilson, which pleased Mrs. Merrill very much, but made her unconsciously ridiculous. Now the seventy persons who saw Alfa Merrill play know that she is in no wise comparable to Neilson, and the thousands who did not go to see her entertain a still less favorable opinion. The result of the matter briefly is, that Alfa Merrill is living on the hopes of a London appearance, that the man DeNye is living on Alfa Merrill, that Sargent has made a promise which he cannot keep, and that the Dramatic Profession is encumbered by the presence of a bad amateur actress while dozens of excellent professional ones are idle with nothing to do.

If Eddie Ellsler, or Lillie Glover, or Alfie Weaver, or Ada Rehan, or Nellie Barbour, or Rose Wood, or Adele Belgrave, or Josie Bachelder, or Rosa Rand, or Henrietta Vanders, or Florence Elmore, or Genevieve Rogers, or Mary Young, or Rose Osborne, or

Lillian Cleves, or Constance Hamblin, or Mabel Jordan, or Laura Don, or Nellie Downing, or Estelle Mortimer, or any similar actress, whatever her talent or her capacity, wished to come to New York to play the character of Julia, which Alfa Merrill butchered so badly, they would find the doors of metropolitan theatres closed against them and the managers sick of the Hunchback and similar plays.

They would find the Press (its interests prostituted by the DeNyses, Sargents, etc.) suspicious of any such attempt and inclination to oppose it.

They would find the public dead and stony—so much so, in fact, that it would not support any of these actresses in a purely legitimate part, so wearied has it become of amateurs like Alfa Merrill.

It is this state of affairs which has ruined the prospects of any standard play in our midst, until managers must play Pinafore or close, and good actresses must seek in the provinces the favor and appreciation which is denied them in New York.

THE MIRROR has no hostility toward Alfa Merrill, but it disapproves of a system which, to gratify one woman's vanity, does a shameless injustice to five score of hard working professional actresses. It would be recreant indeed to its position as organ of the Stage if it not point out the wrong such women as Alfa Merrill is doing, and direct attention to it.

There can be no reform on the Stage or amelioration of the condition of players until amateur actresses cease their unequal contest with professional performers, and humbugs like Sargent cease misleading tyros by making promises they cannot fulfill.

Strakosch in California.

Mr. Max Strakosch has encountered in San Francisco a very stinging, a very complete, and a thoroughly merited failure. The actual loss entailed on the management of Baldwin's by his brief season of opera is \$12,000—a very respectable amount. Considering that Strakosch brought with him no singers of more than secondary grade, it will be seen how thorough was his failure.

There are few more blatant humbugs than Strakosch, and few managers whose ill-luck redounds more to the credit of the Stage. The present instance will serve as a case in point. Strakosch acted in bad faith with the Baldwin management, in the first place, by agreeing to do certain things which he failed to do. He acted in bad faith to the public (and especially the stockholders) by giving worn-out and hackneyed operas with bad singers and most decrepit appointments.

Moreover, he acted in bad faith with his company. The whole season has been a fraud perpetrated by Strakosch on all concerned. His alleged chief prima-donna, Marie Litta, is one of the most thoroughly over-rated concert hall singers who ever forced their way into grand opera. Of his two tenors, one has lost his voice, and the other never had any. Annie Louise Cary, his contralto singer, has been compelled to undertake soprano parts to audiences of \$350 and expenses of \$2,000. Everything about the engagement was characteristic of Strakosch in its meanness and inadequacy. Nor is this all, for he has attempted to justify the fraud.

There is nothing really remarkable in having a bad entertainment by Strakosch. The only wonder is that the public has put up with him so long. The profession know him as a man insincere in all his dealings, seeking tribute when he is successful, and forcing penury when he fails—a man who does not stand by his contract, who does not do what he advertises, who misrepresents his artists, and who cheats his patrons. They know him as a false, fawning, purse-proud, dishonorable, scheming, and uncertain sort of man—a trickster in the profession and a humbug out of it.

Musicians know that he has always stood in the way of musical culture, has "traded" on the names of the people who made him, fraternized with his enemies and "gone back" on his friends.

The public know him as a manager who makes promises but to break them, who never in all his career ever did, or tried or intended to do, what he agreed to—a humbug of the worst order.

So long as he had no one but Max Martezek to compete with, Strakosch prospered well enough; but the advent of Colonel Mapleson put an end forever to his ascendancy. In fact, it drove him in dismay from every place Mapleson visited, and as San Francisco was not in the list, Strakosch went there to make a last stand, and has met, as we have noted, with well merited disaster.

Next season Colonel Mapleson returns, and under the happy guidance of Haverly will visit all the chief cities outside of New York. San Francisco will be among them. He will have a troupe of well-trained singers, with at least two world-famous prima-donnas, the best dramatic tenor living, an accomplished leader, a perfect chorus and gorgeous mise-en-scene—in fact, all the essentials of a first-class performance.

Where Strakosch will go is not settled. He thinks of coming to New York, but that is not settled, and after his failure there this year his return to Booth's Theatre is unlikely. Whatever he may do is a matter of slight importance now, as his late San Francisco fiasco will do much to rid the public of one of the oiliest and shallowest pretenders who curse the American Stage.

No Good.

Mr. Clifton W. Taylour, after experiencing a most disastrous season, has opened, somewhere over a crockery store in Broadway, a dramatic agency. Though the field is already overcrowded and the number of agents is quite out of proportion to the number of engagements made, and though Mr. Taylour's own experience as a manager is not at all reassuring, he has entered the field with a peculiar claim. His agency will agree to furnish "attractively written advertisements" to stars and managers.

Now of all things that the profession is least in need of it is such advertisements as men like Taylour have been wont to write. They have done already an incalculable amount of harm, and no better evidence of their thorough worthlessness can be cited than Taylour's own case for the past three seasons.

Actors and managers do not want "attractively written" advertisements. They do not want to see a good low comedian written down as the "funny son of Momus." They do not wish to see a traveling party of five persons appear in time as "The Mammoth Caravan of Art, Genius, Muscle and Brains," nor do they wish to see a Hamlet billed as "The Inkies of Danes." They want (like the public) to see what is going on, where it is going on, and how it is to be reached. Anything beyond this is superfluous. On the other hand, Taylour's method of billing—Macbeth for instance—is this:

Gala Night in North American Theatricals! The weirdest and most sublime work of the greatest bard the world ever saw! Shakespeare's thrilling historical melodrama romance,

M A C B E T H !

With the beauty of the American Stage and its most cultured and popular artiste, Henrietta Chanfrau, as Lady Macbeth!

This "attractive advertising" deceives nobody. It is a waste of time, ingenuity and printers' ink, and a capitulation of common sense to chicanery, absurdity and fraud.

What is really needed is the return to the old system of advertising, which made an essential part of each announcement the name of every player (without exception) taking part in the representation. Thus actors and actresses who did the work would get the credit, not the shallow writer of the "attractive advertisements."

The tendency of the present system is to subordinate all of the player's work to the manager's profit and to shut him off from the just credit of his performance. This unfair and mischievous course has served to greatly lessen the drawing powers of stock players, who are lost sight of amid the adjectives of the "attractive advertisements."

If Mr. Taylour expects this system to recommend him, he had better go out of the dramatic agency business at once, for the profession has lost patience with it, and wants work, salaries and decent acknowledgement for its individual members, not "attractive advertisements" or other trumped-up frauds.

JOYCE—The suit of Laura Joyce, for an increase of alimony, at Boston, has been indefinitely postponed.

ADAMS—A good anecdote is going the rounds of the West concerning George H. Adams the clown. At Quincy, Ill., recently, Adams was frequently interrupted by a well-dressed local noodle in the orchestra seats. Perceiving that the swell thought it was fine sport to worry a clown, Grimaldi paused in his frolics, and with a knowing wink at his tormentor exclaimed: "One fool at a time, if you please." That settled it. The fool in the auditorium was crushed.

SALSBURY—Nate Salsbury, the originator of the popular Troubadours and author of The Brook, was born in Fairport, Ill., in 1846. He was left an orphan at an early age, and has, all his life, been compelled to fight his way. He served four years in the Union Army, and was wounded three times. For some time he lived in Mexico, but returned to this country and entered into business. The dull methods of prosaic business life did not suit him, and he soon sought the stage. His career at the Boston Museum is well known. Some three years ago he organized the Troubadours in the West; and has taken them completely around the world, every where meeting with the same success enjoyed by the present season.

Adelaide Neilson and Mary Anderson are to be met on their own ground by Fanny Davenport, who will next season play Pauline in The Lady of Lyons—Henry Irving's version. Costumes and everything connected with its production will be entirely new, and it will be made a decided feature of her repertoire.

PERSONAL.

EMMET—J. K. Emmet left for Europe on Saturday. He plays at the Park in October.

BATCHELDER—Josie Batchelder goes to London next week. She plays with George Jordan's company.

SUN—There will be a change in the dramatic department of the Sun about Sept. 1. It will be for the better.

CAVENDISH—Ada Cavendish volunteered to appear at Dan Harkins' benefit at the Fifth Avenue last week, but did not Square?

WALLIS—William H. Wallis has been re-engaged by Henry E. Abbey, to support Lotta, as first old man for the season of 1879-80.

FISHER—Josephine Fisher left town on Thursday for Halifax, where she goes to be a member of Manager Nannay's Summer company.

CLOSED—John Warner has closed for the appearance of the Eliot Weathersby Frolics troupe at a local theatre for four weeks in September.

ALLEN—W. L. Allen will manage next season the National Theatre, Cincinnati, the largest theatre in that city. S. S. Hindle will be the treasurer.

IRVING—Henry Irving will not come to this country next year. That much is decided. It will take very strong inducements to make him come at all.

MCA RTNEY—T. McArtney, for a long time connected with the Fifth Avenue Theatre, goes to Wallack's next season in a similar leading capacity. At least such is the report.

FULTON—Chandos Fulton says that he will fight out the "supplementary" season at the Broadway at popular prices, if it takes all summer. From present appearances, it will take all Fulton.

PHILLIPS—Mrs. Phillips has been re-engaged in the Union Square Theatre for next season. She is very a dignified and graceful actress, personating "old women" with admirable skill.

GILMORE—W. J. Gilmore and his backer, A. F. Steadwell, have secured a lease of the Maryland Institute, Baltimore, for three years, with the privilege of five. They will alter it into a variety theatre.

RAYMOND—John T. Raymond closes his season at Bradford, Pa., on the 17th. He has done more hard work this season than any star actor before the public, Lawrence Barrett not excepted.

CHANFRAU—Frank Chanfrau has been reading a new play aloud in his Long Branch cottage, and Mrs. Chanfrau has been singing selections from Pinafore. They say that privacy can be secured only by the exercise of strong measures.

MARKHAM—Pauline Markham and company (except Frank Irving) left Chicago for San Francisco, June 3, under contract with Frank Lavarne to appear at the Adelphi there. McAuly and Howe and Haley and West go.

GILPIN—From the Star: A new dramatic star of magnitude has arisen upon Baltimore in the person of Miss Sophie Gilpin, a representative of the bluest blood of Maryland. The lady is said to have youth, beauty and talent to command her.

GOATCHER—P. W. Goatcher, the scenic artist of the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, is engaged at present painting a new drop-curtain for Wallack's Theatre. When he has completed it he will paint one for Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, and one for the New Brooklyn Theatre.

ROGERS—John R. Rogers arrived in town on Monday. He has acted as advance agent this season for the Tracy Titus-Catherine Lewis Opera troupe, for Fanny Davenport, Denman Thompson, Lawrence Barrett, and Dickson's Pinafore troupe, filling—report says—fifty-four weeks out of possible fifty-two.

CHESTNUT—W. H. Daly, stage manager, has decided not to go to Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, as previously announced, but to continue in his present capacity at the Chestnut, Philadelphia. Simon Hassler, leader of orchestra, Henry M. Kister, treasurer, and P. W. Goatcher, scenic artist, have also been retained.

RICH—Poole & Donnelly are very much amused at the item which appeared in the late Mr. Hart's variety news organ last week: "R. E. J. Miles has definitely got the lease of the Grand Opera House for the coming season. The place was sold recently, and the new owner has leased it to Mr. Miles." Up to the time of our going to press Bob Miles had heard nothing of this.

ANDERSON—Joseph Anderson, a younger brother of Mary Anderson, seventeen years of age, intends to adopt the stage as his profession and to make his first appearance next year. He possesses the same commanding presence, the same fine outline of features, the same grace of movement, and a rich, sweet, flexible voice. I.e. is a bright boy, and will be apt to achieve good success.

REMARKABLE—When Jack Haverly saw his Mastodon Minstrels at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, he said that he then witnessed their performance "for the first time." The Philadelphia papers recorded the fact as a serious bit of news, and pronounced it "remarkable." What seems to us remarkable is that the Philadelphians should have believed it.

PROFESSIONAL DOINGS.

Louis Aldrich has returned to Boston.

THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

5

FAIR PLAY FOR ALICE OATES.

THE TRUE INWARDNESS OF THE WAR AGAINST HER.

For the past two weeks Alice Oates, the opera bonnie prima-donna, has been subjected to a very searching and very unfair ordeal at the hands of the Press of the country. THE MIRROR has refrained from taking any part in the controversy, for the simple reason that it had no wish to propagate an unsavory theatrical scandal, or to aid in blighting or blasting the prospects of any one who depends on the stage for a livelihood. When, however, a scandal assumes such proportions that it is no longer possible to repress it, we conceive the fair course to be to publish all the facts precisely as they are, no matter who they may help, hurt, or influence. To this duty THE MIRROR now addresses itself.

When the facts as we give them are read, we think no one will withhold his sympathy from Mrs. Oates as a very much persecuted and very ill-used woman.

About two years ago Mrs. Henri Laurent, wife of the tener, brought suit for divorce against her husband on the ground of his alleged criminal intimacy with Alice Oates. This was at Detroit. A little time afterward she followed him to Washington, where she made a demand for money. Laurent complied, and Mrs. Laurent withdrew her charges. She signed a document denying everything she had said against Mrs. Oates. It was duly witnessed by four persons. It was believed to be and accepted as a complete exoneration of Mrs. Oates. So long as Laurent continued to give her money everything went well, and she had no charges to make, but as soon as the remittances ceased she began threatening him with exposure, and Mrs. Oates with assault. During all this time Laurent and Mrs. Oates corresponded—she destroying his letters as soon as received, keeping hers. On the 3d of February last Mr. Laurent organized a Pinafore party to do that opera at the Fifth Avenue. He had already violated his contract with J. C. Duff, with whom he had been playing, and Mrs. Oates had loaned him the money on which to start his enterprise. Before he had played there a fortnight he transferred his affections from his friend and patron, Alice Oates, to Blanche Corelli, a young person who had graduated from the variety stage, and who sang Josephine in the opera. Mrs. Oates was not aware of this, but it came to the notice of Mrs. Laurent. One Saturday, about five o'clock, he returned home accompanied by Blanche Corelli, and here occurred a warm quarrel between the three. Mrs. Laurent denounced her husband; Blanche Corelli denounced Mrs. Laurent, and the trio denounced Mrs. Oates.

The scene was a spirited one, as the tall, tank tenor defended himself from the attacks of his prosaic-looking wife, and as the nervous, sensuous, dark-eyed and awkward little Italian beauty, Corelli, forgot the ways of Josephine, and relapsed into her old variety methods. There were no other parties to that meeting, but the principals will never forget it.

An overt fight followed, and Laurent and Miss Corelli withdrew. Mrs. Laurent, who throughout all these proceedings has sought to right her domestic ills by an appeal to the newspapers, went to the editor of a weekly paper here, and detailed to him the fact of his connection with Blanche Corelli. The sinister worthy who has at all times abused and assailed Mrs. Oates, listened to the wife's narrative without answering definitely whether he should use it. That evening he visited Laurent and told him what he had heard. Laurent thereupon told him how anxious he was to have the scandal suppressed, and added that he would pay to have it done. To this point all the accounts agree. Beyond it there is some little doubt. From the most authentic evidence, however, it seems that an arrangement was effected whereby, in consideration of \$300 (Alice Oates' money) the editor agreed to "shield" Miss Corelli and to suppress the facts of Mr. Laurent's connection. When Mrs. Laurent asked why the story she told was not published, she received the evasive reply that it did not interest the public. Having failed to get the publicity she sought after, she thereupon made a formal demand upon Laurent for money. He complied on condition that she should shield him, and paid her \$5 a week beyond her original allowance for this. When his payments stopped she again announced that she would expose him.

She went farther than this, and made a formal demand for money. As Mrs. Oates says:

"It is simply a blackmailing job, nothing more. Every one of those letters was concocted to extort money from me, but I was determined that I would not be lied in any such way."

"Did Mrs. Laurent or any of her friends ever approach you for money?"

"Yes, sir; Mrs. Laurent did. She wrote me a letter when I was in New York, and said in it I did not help her that she would scandalize me before the world."

"How long ago was this?"

"About three weeks ago."

"Have you that letter?"

"Yes, sir; it is in New York, and I can produce it if necessary."

Let it be noted that Mrs. Oates owed Mrs. Laurent nothing, that Mrs. Laurent had at that time no claim on her for anything. She wanted more and traded on Mrs. Oates' fears to get it. As the latter lady was then about playing in New York, she was anxious not to be assailed. This was but natural. But

hereabouts Mrs. Oates made a mistake which has certainly lost her the sympathy of a great many people.

SHE YIELDED TO THE BLACKMAIL AND PAID MRS. LAURENT \$20!

The threatened exposures were not made, of course, and Mrs. Laurent continued (in consideration of the \$20 paid) to "shield" the woman whom she claimed had destroyed her domestic happiness. Mrs. Laurent's account of the payment is as follows:

"She (Mrs. Oates) declared that she would never—no, never—speak to him again. Before leaving she gave me twenty dollars, which I accepted.

"She asked: 'You have my letters?' I said, 'Yes, they are in a safe deposit vault.' 'I would much rather,' she exclaimed, 'they were burnt!'

Time elapsed. Laurent continued to be with Miss Corelli, and the "editor" continued to keep dark. Mrs. Laurent did not fail to ask Mrs. Oates for money as the price of not publishing her letters. In other words, it was a conspiracy all round. Alice Oates, who was the only one who had any care for her good name, bought the silence of Mrs. Laurent, and the Corelli matter was not spoken of. Be it noted here that Mrs. Laurent made no charges against Miss Corelli, toward whom she had been so bitter—for that lady had no money. But upon Mrs. Oates, whom she had sworn to be innocent of any wrong with her husband, her demands were incessant. Mrs. Oates was known to have money.

Mrs. Oates was culpable in yielding to the demands of blackmailers. For she should have known that a demand for "hush money," once yielded to, lasts forever—and that it is insatiate. It grows even on what it feeds. Shortly after she had made the first payment, a Philadelphian, Mr. Samuel P. Watkins, made to her a formal offer of marriage. It was accepted. But here again new troubles stood in her way. Those who were trading on this little woman's fears and weaknesses, soon understood that her nuptials would put an end to further payment. They gave the sprightly prima-donna the unpleasant alternative of either paying them liberally for their silence, or having her marriage broken off by the publication of those letters. What she knew they contained, she did not fear. It was something that in the heat and flurry of passion she might have written, that she most dreaded.

But a woman's tact came to her rescue. She said nothing of her approaching nuptials. She simply went and got married. On Saturday evening, May 17, at 8 o'clock, the Rev. James Neill, a Philadelphia clergyman, called at No. 724 North 20th street. There he met Samuel P. Watkins, who said to him:

"I want you to perform a marriage ceremony for me; but I am a divorced man—would that be any objection to your doing so?"

"Not if you have been legally divorced," replied Mr. Neill.

"That is all right; I have been legally divorced."

"Then," said Mr. Neill, "tell me the name of yourself and the lady, that I may make out a certificate."

The gentleman gave his name as Samuel P. Watkins, and that of the lady as Alice Oates, and left. Mr. Neill, being a clergyman, had never heard of Alice Oates, and had no idea as to who or what she was, whether maid or widow, opera-singer or housemaid. He made out a certificate, and took it with him to 724 North 20th street, where Mr. Sam Watkins, the prospective groom, introduced him to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Watkins, his father and mother, to his sister, and Alice Oates. Mr. Neill was then asked if he would perform the ceremony with a ring. He replied "Certainly;" but Mrs. Oates, asking if it would take more time to be married in that way, and being told that it would, expressed a desire that they should be married without a ring, and Mr. Neill accordingly performed the ceremony without one. He left the house at a quarter past nine.

Mr. Watkins is a non-professional; he is engaged in his father's wholesale trimming house, in Bank street, Philadelphia. His parents occupy a good social position in that city.

Immediately following their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Watkins went to Louisville, where they are now living at the residence of Mrs. Oates' mother, at 656 West Market Street. Her sister, Pauline Merritt, is with her. It appears that since her marriage, which, by the way, is fully confirmed by an interview with the officiating clergyman, demands on Mrs. Oates for money have not ceased. The reply to the last one not having proved satisfactory, Mrs. Laurent put into effect her original threat, and published Mrs. Oates' letters. They seemed to have produced no serious effect on any, except Bob Miles, her late manager.

This ends the story. A half dozen harpies have been drawing money from Mrs. Oates to "suppress" a publication which, sooner or later, must have become known. Mrs. Oates' treatment has been shameful throughout. Laurent kept the little woman's letters to be used at any time against her, though she—womanlike—destroyed his. Mrs. Laurent received money from Mrs. Oates' money, not to deter his wife from attacking her, but to shield Miss Corelli, who had superseded her in his affections. And throughout all

this Mrs. Oates has been the one woman to work, to pay, and to suffer; the one victim of the conspiracy; the one on whom the brunt of the whole exposure is made to fall.

What are her letters?

They have not been published. Garbled extracts have appeared, and false and damning quotations from them have been made. If Mrs. Laurent wishes, as she says, to tell the whole truth, let her publish the whole correspondence. Nor should the newspapers omit from their publication the saving clauses, and decide them " unfit for publication;" and, withal, let Mrs. Oates be given fair play.

She is a hard-working, restless little woman, the sole support of an aged mother of seventy years, and an invalid and infirm sister. She has played a very successful season this year, but what has not gone to support her family has been wrested from her by trading upon her fears.

In the case of an actress her public name is all that she has to secure her a livelihood. Who destroys that, destroys her.

Mrs. Oates is entitled at least to fair treatment. No man will withhold her that. When we see the trouble she has gone through between " suppressive" blackmailers on the Press on the one hand, and "explosive" blackmailers on the other, one can appreciate the burdens of an actress who has been indiscreet enough to write some amatory love-letters to a man who had not the manhood to destroy them, or the honor and decency to see that her confidence was respected.

Perhaps the most peculiar thing in the whole affair is the suit of Mrs. Laurent against her husband for \$20,000 damages, which will develop who received the \$300 for "suppressing" the facts we have given above.

Three of a Kind.

The three "show" papers which, within the short space of six calendar months, THE MIRROR has displaced and supplanted, are the Mercury, the Clipper, and the late Mr. Josh Hart's variety organ. This decline, which has been going on so speedily of late, seems to some people utterly inexplicable. To such persons we commend an examination of the three sheets of last week, and they will perceive their downfall to be not at all unaccountable.

The Mercury is a newspaper claiming the patronage of professionals, on the alleged ground of being devoted to their interests. Not a day passes but that some manager is importuned to help it. The Mercury purports to be an organ of the stage, but it is actually a paper devoted to the base and illicit interests of pickpockets, prostitutes and panders. Though the Mercury seeks the patronage of reputable and managers, it does not hesitate to publish articles which preclude it from circulating among decent people anywhere. Its leading editorial last week was—

WOMEN WHO LOVE WOMEN.

In order to fairly understand a woman of her organization, it is necessary to say a few words about the sexes. A man is male-female. This quality must be constitutively natural. In man, the male element is superior to, and, therefore, dominates the female element. It is so in all true men. There are occasionally to be seen small, dainty fellows, with large hips and feminine walk, in which the female almost equals the male element. This sort of half female, half-made suits females of the taste of Miss Duer, and in their absence they take to the genuine female. On the other hand, women are made. In a healthy state by which is meant a perfect natural and normal organization, the female element is superior to, and dominates the male element. In women of the many tastes and habits of Miss Duer, the male element is superior to, and dominates the female element. A few women of this stamp would put Lavater at fault, for they are exceptions to the rule and are feminine looking, yet of an interior manliness. But the mass of women who love women possess great bodily masculinity, and Miss Duer is described to be a strong type of this species. The forehead is deficient, and the lower part of the face heavy, massive and sensuous. Many of them have perceptible and acute features, and are made to move and speak with a basso-contralto voice. A glance at the length and breadth of the chin, from the lower lip downward, is pretty conclusive evidence of a sensualistic and masculine nature. It is utterly disgusting to see such women caress girls and listen to their sickening words of endearment. Around them is an aura of corruption which no delicate young female can enter without departing with a share of the man-woman's pollution.

It would not be easy to find in all the literature of the bagnios, anything more flagrantly obscene, dirty, brazen or detestable than the above. Gulick's History of Harlots is a mild and inoffensive teaching beside so foul an article as this. Is it any wonder that the Mercury's appeal for "cards" from the profession elicited but one response, and that from a lady presumably ignorant of the standing of the sheet? Among the other articles in the Mercury last week are the following: Love's Tangles and Trials, Disqualified, A Black Vampire, A Sinless Crime, Picture of a Sweet Woman, Nellie Peabody's Freak, and The Romance of a Pair of Slips.

The Clipper, which calls itself the "oldest theatrical annual," is about as much a representative of the profession as its salacious contemporary, the Mercury. Here is the kind of news matter it furnishes the ladies and gentlemen to whom it can trace all their reverses:

Sacred to the MEMORY OF THOSE WHO FAILED THROUGH THE "JONAH."

The late JOSH HART.

Steele Mackaye's Madison Square Theatre.

Cazarau's Lost Children.

Daniel H. Rankin.

Patrick J. S. McKenna's Whims.

John A. Stevens.

Mike and Jerry Donovan are to take a joint benefit at the Metropolitan Theatre, Chicago, Ill., June 9. The old veterans, Charley Perkins, who has been tried up in Chicago's Winter and Spring, will spar with each of the brothers during the evening.

Mike Gillespie and Jimmy Gallagher, clever light-weights, have a benefit at Co. D. Ar-

mory, Trenton, N. J., on Monday evening, June 9. The wind-up will be given by Gillespie Harry Hicken. Seddon's Mouse will have a benefit at Harry Hill's on Thursday afternoon, June 5.

Johnny Dwyer has not made any answer to the challenge from Paddy Ryan of Troy, whose \$100 remain uncovered.

Rat-baiting and dog-fights were slack last week.

"Hello, Jim; yer not a lookin' very well today. Anything wrong?" "N-n-no, not 'sackly; but I've just had a dose of Epsom salts, and I'm a trifle out. I got on the wrong horse."

Among the "special" articles were found the following: The Autocrat's Daughter; or, The Bride of the Guillotine, A Fatal Love, Waiting for the Devil, A Diamond Romance, Ruined Body and Soul, and Regret.

Mr. Josh Hart's variety organ leads off with an autobiographical sketch on "Humble," and contains the following:

Immortality of Actresses—one column.

Charles A. Dana—one column.

Kawald Philip's Alleged Jokes—one column.

The New Roman Catholic Cathedral—half column.

Afia Merrill—half column.

William R. Travers—quarter column.

The Learned Pig (autobiographical)—column and a quarter.

"Society" News—two columns.

Praise of Hart and Harkins—one column.

Attack on Boucicault—two columns.

As a sample of the kind of dramatic "news" furnished, the following will be found a fair one:

MR. HARKINS' BENEFIT.

Mr. Harkins retired from the management of the Fifth Avenue Theatre on Saturday night. A very short canvass showed that there was a general willingness to tender him a benefit among the profession, and in two days a list of attractions was got together such as rarely has been seen.

How popular a man Harkins is shown by that list, and still more so by the fact that on Monday, during two hours of the afternoon, over \$500 worth of tickets were sold. During the past season Harkins has had to fight against overwhelming odds. After the opening of the new season, and AFTER PAYING EVERY OBLIGATION, the proprietors of the house rush at the first offer that is made them, even though Harkins himself made them even better ones.

New it is notorious that poor Harkins has not "met every obligation," for, in fact, there is scarcely an employee of the Fifth Avenue, whether actor, usher, scene-shifter or bill distributor, but has been owed money. Bills (even in small amounts) to newspapers remain unpaid, and Harkins left the theatre a ruined man. Is it not enough that Hart's paper should have killed him, without following it up with falsehood? The sale of \$500 worth of seats in two hours on Monday is simply nonsense. Harkins' benefit attracted a poor house on Friday, although he had all the best attractions in town, a fine day, no opposition, and really deserved a "bumper."

THE MIRROR does not find any of its claims for consideration on the demerits of its rapidly declining contemporaries, but on its own excellence as an organ of news and as the most valuable medium of communication between actors, managers and the public. It cannot deny, however, that very much of its remarkable success has been due to the fact that professionals need a paper in which their interests are not overshadowed by those of prize-fighters, liars, and harlots. Indeed, the only wonder is that the usually alert stage people did not "tumble" to the situation sooner.

More "Jonah."

THE MIRROR took occasion some time since to warn Mr. John A. Stevens of the evil consequences which would be apt to follow any affiliation on his part with the newspaper Jonah of the late Josh Hart. Mr. Stevens did not take kindly to the advice so freely offered, but pursued his own course. He had made, he claims, \$4,000 during the past season, by religiously and sedulously keeping away from the ill-omened agency which has killed so many. THE MIRROR, which likes Stevens not less for his manly beauty and original acting than for his enterprise and work, then warned him, in the frankest and kindest way possible, not to jeopardize his profits by any false step. Mr. Stevens did not altogether heed that advice. In fact, we must confess, he went just counter to it. What is the result? It has come sooner than he expected, sooner than we predicted, but no sooner than his foolhardiness deserved.

On Monday last Stevens began an engagement at the Jersey City Opera House. On Wednesday the manager disappeared. The week was finished on the "commonwealth," and furnished an inglorious end to what had been a most brilliant season. Mr. Stevens returns from across the river a wiser man. He understands now why it is desirable to keep clear of Hart's "Jonah," and why he achieved so much success in adhering to that policy.

The break up at the house is a very bad one. Smith, the capitalist of the management, suddenly disappeared, and Walter Edmunds, his partner, found himself unable to pay. Oliver Doud Byron canceled his engagement for this week, and the house is closed. This much for Jonah. The name of Stevens must now be added to the already too long list of those who have failed by depending on the ill-fated and sinister paper to whom they can trace all their reverses.

It is not altogether. It failed somewhat for lack of patronage."

Perceiving the approach of Mrs. Rankin, the reporter retired, wrapt in admiration of the great and good man, whose benevolence is as broad as Lake Superior, and whose admiration for Haverly is as lively as Lake street, Chicago, on a windy day.

—R. M. Hooley is organizing a mammoth minstrel party of fifty performers, after the style of Jack Haverly's Mastodons. They will take the road at once.

HAVERLY'S "DYNAMITES."

INTERVIEW WITH MCKEE RANKIN.

It having come to the notice of THE MIRROR that Arthur McKee Rankin had something important to say to the world

London Correspondence.

JUNIOR GARRICK CLUB, LONDON, MAY 27, 1859.

In my last, if I remember rightly, I alluded to the number of distinguished artists who are at present resting from their professional labors through illness or otherwise. I forgot whether or not I mentioned the name of Miss Christine Nilsson; but it doesn't matter whether or not—I mention it now. Some time ago serious misunderstandings arose between the great prima-donna and the indefatigable impresario—Col. Mapleson. As usual it was all about a matter of money. The gallant Colonel thought the fair Swede's terms exorbitant—which in all likelihood they were—and insisted on their being considerably reduced and modified. To this Madame, who in matters of business is quite as close and keen as Mapleson himself, and that's saying a great deal, resolutely refused to comply, and the manager being equally stubborn, there was a "row." Now, however, I hear that a compromise has been effected, both sides yielding a little. At any rate, Miss Nilsson is announced to appear to-night at Her Majesty's as Margherita in *Faust*; to my mind quite the best, or, at any rate, the most poetic and satisfying of all the great diva's lyrical impersonations. It is by no means certain, however, that she will appear. The "Colonel" has rather a trick of advertising his "stars," who at the last moment find themselves so indisposed as to be unable to sing. But then the house has been filled in anticipation of her appearance; the inevitable doctor's certificate—they can be had at all prices, from five up to fifty guineas; it all depends on the status of the disabled artist—is produced, the Colonel appears in evening dress in front of the curtain with the inevitable red rose in his button-hole, and in melodious lugubrious tones announces the melancholy fact that the Madame, etc., etc. And so the old farce is played again, and no man living has played it better than Col. Mapleson, except it may be Sime Reeves; but, then, Sime Reeves, poor fellow, has only too good reasons for his frequent inability to keep his engagements. Ill-natured people would have one believe otherwise; but this is the truth.

One fact that seems to me very strongly to militate against the probability of the report that Nilsson and Mapleson have "made it up," is that Verdi's *Aida*, which he is about to produce, will be presented minus Nilsson, who, as you doubtless remember, played the title role on the occasion of the first presentation of the opera at your own Academy of Music some years ago. The part will be assumed by your fair and perfect-throated countrywoman, Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, on whose merits it would be impertinent for me to dilate in the columns of an American journal.

Patti "the divine"—Adelina Patti—will not cross the Atlantic either this year or next, and I don't think ever will, unless indeed, she remains on the stage until she becomes passe, like poor Mario and Tamberlik, and crosses in the hope of making a fresh fortune on the strength of her old reputation. Patti, with all her "divinity," is very fond of money, as what woman is not? and Nicolini is a very expensive luxury; perhaps I should say necessity, considering the character of the relations between them. Besides, like most great singers, she has a horror of the "briny," and is really a great sufferer from mal de mer when she ventures on board ship. Even crossing the Channel is an ordeal she cares to brave as seldom as possible.

In matters purely dramatic there is little stirring. Arthur Strehely, the creator of Mrs. Brown, of whom I wrote some weeks ago, has, contrary to my prediction, let me candidly confess, been completely successful in his rendition of Sir John Falstaff at the Gaiety Theatre last Saturday morning.

Charles the First, Eugene Aram and Richelieu are to be revived at the Lyceum, which continues to be crowded nightly. How Mr. Henry Irving with his delicate physique stands the strain I can't tell, and his friends have been urging him to take rest; but he won't, and when Henry Irving says "no," you may rest assured the matter's settled.

The End of Landis.

Some time since, Archie D. C. (dead-set) Gordon began writing a play for Dr. S. M. Landis, the Philadelphia lunatic. It was to be in a prologue and nine acts, and subject to the following conditions: Landis was to pay for the piece, if accepted, \$1,000—\$25 cash down, and the balance at the end of two years. The prologue, as written by Gordon, was sent on to Landis, who strongly approved of it. He pronounced it even superior to his own piece, Dick Shaw the Fiend, and encouraged Gordon to persevere. When, however, Gordon sent on the first act, the resolute M. D. wailed. It has proved a terrible blow to his nervous system. The following advertisement from the Philadelphia Times of Sunday explains the cause. Gordon has killed off poor Landis.

D.R. S. M. LANDIS HAS QUIT THE Stage forever. Having recuperated his over-worked brain, which he exercised 25 years continuously in his Reformed Medical Practice, he now resumes his Treatment of Chronic Diseases, without drugging, at 309 North Tenth Street. Send a stamp for his Health Journal and Mystic Reformer. Incurables, call.

John Jack and Charles Wheatleigh opened the Grand-road Theatre, Bombay, India, April 26, producing for the first time there *Our Boys*, with Mr. Jack as Perkin Middlewick, Mr. Wheatleigh as Talbot Champneys, and Annie Firmin as Mary Melrose.

THE LONDON THEATRES.

AS SEEN BY A GERMAN CRITIC.

The condition of the London stage is indescribably bad. At almost all the houses miserable pieces are produced, from which the manager of a fourth-rate theatre in Germany or Austria would shrink: in most of the theatres the worship of legs and toilets prevail, the worshippers being feeble imitators of the gourmets of the Paris boulevards. Paris, indeed, has also a number of theatres of this kind, but here—amp this is the great difference between London and Paris—there is no counterpoise in the shape of a house like the Théâtre Francaise, where one can take refuge from the contagious proximity of the English petite crevées. For the two theatres which cultivate the better kind of comedy (for the most part translations from the French) have no repertory, like the Vienna Burghtheater or the Comédie Francaise, but only one particular piece, which is played every evening, often for a whole year, till even the English have had too much of it. Then another piece succeeds it, and so on ad libitum.

In Germany an actor absolutely incapable of speaking distinctly would be a pure impossibility. Here Irving is regarded as a demigod: a worse perversion of taste is inconceivable. These are sad reflections during the Shakespeare week; but one cannot shut one's eyes to things which every one in his senses must see. No wonder that the better and more educated classes avoid and shun the theatre. The Haymarket Theatre has revived Sheridan's Rivals. Sheridan is the hobby-horse of all theatre managers who are driven to desperation by the poverty of contemporary English dramatists. His pieces remain at least eternally new, and they always draw. Every generation of Englishmen must see Sheridan's masterpieces at least once. Why not Shakespeare's, too? Because Sheridan is easy to play and is hardly readable, while Shakespeare affords almost as much pleasure to the reader, and the art of representing his characters seems to be lost for the moment, at least in England.

A public in Vienna, Dresden or Paris, who go by preference to a particular theatre to hear from time to time the best modern or classical pieces, and to admire their favorite actors in various parts, is, of course, out of the question in the present state of the London stage. For there is no repertory, and, therefore, no theatre properly so called. There are some twenty houses, each of which has its particular piece, which is performed in a manner that appeals mainly to the eyes of the spectators. Even Irving's so-called Shakespeare revivals belong to this category. The same principal, the same fundamental idea prevails in them, too. One piece is played continuously; an actor or actress is prepared for one particular part, which he or she plays night after night, and artistic perception on the part of players or audience is out of the question. In this I speak only in general of the principle of the London theatres and not of individual actors, the most famous of whom, Irving, lacks the first and most necessary requisite of an actor. For Irving cannot speak; he cannot utter a single word clearly and simply. He strangles or crushes with his tongue every word, every syllable, every letter, or he bellows and raves in tones that are hardly human. In both cases he is insupportable.

Foreign Amusement Notes.

Hans Richter, who conducted Wagner's famous orchestra at the last Bayreuth festival, has been giving some orchestral concerts in London, where he has been greatly admired. Especially fine has been his conducting of selections from Wagner's works. He will return to London next season, and conduct a series of eight concerts, in which the nine symphonies of Beethoven are to be performed in chronological order.

For the last season at the Grand Opera in Paris the principal artists are to receive \$30,000. Mlle. Albani received 3,500, for each representation, or 110,000, in all: Mlle. Sanz received 8,000, per month, or 46,000; Mme. Durand (formerly the wife of Col. Hitchcock of Vermont, who died some years ago), who was paid 10,000, per month, received 30,000, in all, and M. Panofini, at a salary of 8,000, per month, received 50,000, for the entire season.

An Apology.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following letter from Mr. J. W. Forney, Jr.:

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 9, 1859.

MR. HARVIE—DEAR SIR: I thank you for an astigmatism at come of dr. From it Mjr. ton and yourself. Also are so sop, that I dr. mad se alj for should he you charm be smale proud attract upon one fr. what warm. O'neil how we can wili to you as I saw. Understand you megar. A help that I would submit to for other silks. Reply that is not my May. Mr. Harvie, allow no haly to answer no. Neither in dining to pay the waiter. Kindly in dining and Respt.

J. W. FORNEY, JR.

We accept this apology in the same spirit that it is tendered, and trust that we shall hear nothing further of any differences of opinion.

The next season at the Grand Opera House begins on the 24th of August. Engagements have been made with the following artists: Joe Murphy, two weeks; Emma Abbott Opera Company, two weeks; Tony Pastor, one week; Joseph Jefferson, two weeks; Fanny Davenport, two weeks; Edwin Booth, four weeks, and several other of the leading attractions. Edwin Booth's engagement will be a notable feature of the season.

A Chat with Mary Anderson.

(From the Star.)

"Show him into the blue parlor, and tell him, please, that I'll be down right away."

Mary Anderson sent down this message in response to the reporter pastedboard. And the blue parlor! It was a cosy snugger; a little piece of blue sky, walled in and shaded by paintings and a soft, noiseless carpet. The furniture emphasized the cheeriness, and huge mirrors reflected it. The blue parlor was one of those rooms which, though rich, are used; the blinds were wide open, and the breeze fitted the heavy curtains. Its elegance was not a ban upon comfort, nor its appointments such as to command the rigid perpendicular. Indeed, it was one of those places that have about them an air of mellow enjoyment: an apartment that suggests refined cigar smoke and ease after the dinner hour.

"Good evening!"

"I thought I'd rather come just as I am than keep you waiting," she explained, as she sat down in the lap of a big "Sleepy Hollow" chair. Then she composed the folds of a neat-fitting dress that more than hinted at the shapely figure; crossed a pair of slippers, homeopathic in their proportions, and sank back between the cushioned arms of the chair. The uncertain breeze stirring through the room occasionally puffed back the light hair that defied gold pins and netting, and strayed about the lady's round, shapely head as it chose. There might have been bows and ribbons and things, but there wasn't; and the want of them only emphasized the vivacity of Miss Anderson's face. When she spoke there was the same bright freshness of manner, but there was something more—a maturity which comes rapidly with the intense life she leads. An increased womanliness is felt rather than noted. The abounding vitality that once escaped in a sort of childish piquancy, is being toned to an earnestness that lacks nothing of youth, but partakes more of tact and discretion.

"Now, I'm not going to be interviewed, but we'll just chat," said the lady, as she drew a stool more conveniently near.

"Do you know," she added, "that when I was in St. Louis, somebody came to see me, and in the course of our talk I foolishly expressed myself as to the comparative merits of two prominent actors. Well, he went away and published just what I had said, and the papers commented upon it, and talked about me for so expressing myself. So I tell you I won't be interviewed."

"But there are some things about which I want—"

"There, now, I know just what you are going to ask about," interrupted the actress.

"And what is that, pray?"

"Why, it's about that gentleman they had me engaged to in Syracuse," and, as though about to be arraigned for it, the lady plead her innocence.

"I never saw him but three or four times," she continued, "but you know there are men who take great pains to please sometimes. Well, yesterday I returned to New York, and some one asked me when I was going to be married, and then I knew for the first time that I had been engaged to the Syracuse gentleman, but you mustn't print this, you know."

Then Miss Anderson sat up in her chair, and assuming a charming theatrical attitude, with one hand upon her head, and a distressed expression upon her face.

"Why, great heavens!" she said, "I can't imagine why such stories should be started about me. I'm not of the dithering kind, and I love my profession too well to get married just yet, at least. But, now, you won't publish what I have said, you know?"

"You speak of men who take great pains to please sometimes," began the writer.

"Oh, well, by that I mean that there are those who always, who always—well, what I do mean is, that from the lowest ballet-girl up, every actress has two or three men who are in love with her, don't you know? But now remember, you must not write anything of this that I have been saying."

When the little Syracuse episode was retailed, absolute silence was enjoined, but hastened the original question, lest the admonition be pushed to a promise.

"No, sir," replied the actress, "there is no truth in the report that I am going to make my permanent home in the western part of the State. I will tell you just how it is, but you must not publish what I tell you. We have rented Maggie Mitchell's cottage at Long Branch for the summer, with the settled intention of buying it next season. It's just beautiful there—perfect. But it is well to try a place one season before buying it."

"It is said, Miss Anderson, that you have made \$100,000 this season."

"That is not so, I have not made \$100,000, but I have made a good deal, and it will be better next season. In places where I played to \$400 houses last season, during the one just passed I have played to \$1,000 and \$1,200."

"What induced you to purchase Anna Dickinson's Crown of Thorns?"

"That's a mistake," replied Miss Anderson; "I am not the owner of The Crown of Thorns, although I would like to be. I never saw the play, but friends of mine have spoken so kindly of it that I would like to have it; but of course you won't print this!"

"Have not overtures been made for its purchase?"

"I don't think I'd care to say about that. I have heard, though, that she said she would tear it all up in little pieces before any one else should have it, or appear in the part she had written for herself. Queer, isn't it?"

While speaking, Miss Anderson had suited the action to the words as she referred to Anna Dickinson destroying her Crown of Thorns, rather than have it worn by another woman, and then, at the interrogatory, the young actress assumed an expression which belied the soberness of her inquiry.

"I'll tell you, though, what I am informed that Miss Dickinson did say, and that is, that she would like to write me a play."

During this, the young lady's face assumed a repentant and sober expression, as though the wish to write a new one atoned for the refusal of the authoress to sell the old one.

"But you must remember now," added Parthenia, "that you mustn't tell what I have said, because I don't want to be interviewed, and I'll be dignified and won't talk any more if you do."

"Then you have added no new play to your repertoire during the past season?"

"I have and I have not," was the reply: "I have not, because I have already appeared in it; and again I have, because I have had it translated and materially changed. I refer to The Daughter of Roland, which proved a decided hit in the South. Let me tell you about that play. It was given to me by a well-known theatrical gentleman, and I first appeared in it after only four days' study of the part. The night of its introduction came and everything had run smoothly until the last act, and what do you think? Why, I forgot my part; forgot it as utterly as though I had never heard it. It was a frightful situation, but I stepped to the side and gave a signal to the prompter (an excellent one, by the way), and he gave me three or four words at a time, and while carrying on the stage business I took the words right out of his mouth and carried it through. At the close an old manager, who had a box that evening, came to me and said: 'You did splendidly; I'm proud of you.' And I said, 'Yes, sir; but I didn't tell him the agony I had undergone. Well, when I was in Paris last year I spent a good deal of time with Sara Bernhardt, who plays The Daughter of Roland as no one else can. When we were alone she acted parts of it with me in private. She seemed pleased with my manner, because there was life in it, I suppose, and that's what they like over there. Then, one evening I went over to see Ristori, and she asked me if I had ever played The Daughter of Roland. 'Well,' said she, 'you play it, study it, and then come over here and play it in English. It will be a hit.' And then she got up and read me parts of it, and thus from her I got a good many ideas about it. So, since I have been home, I have had it translated and Ristori's suggestions embodied in it, and this play I shall bring out next season."

"You see, there are always new audiences, and that, together with the excitement that always attends, saves and prevents one from 'walking' through a play. To be sure it makes all difference whether one has a quiet audience. If the house is cool and not responsive, it makes all difference, for enthusiasm in front always goes straight to the actress, and then she begins 'firing up,' as we say, and so it goes back to the audience. Just here though," continued Miss Anderson, with free use of the index finger, "we must make a discrimination. There are times when the utter silence of an audience is the strongest proof of its appreciation. That deathly stillness that sometimes greets and follows a great climax is the highest commendation a star could desire for her effort, and is just as gratifying as thunders of applause. This shows that the people are living the play, but there are those who evince no interest, because they are staring about the house, so!" Here the young lady made an opera glass of her small fists, and scanned her hearer with an expression of exquisite contempt. "Such people are like ice, and chill everybody on the stage."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, sir! and a man like you, with a fine descriptive ability and inexhaustible command of language, which has made you famous in two continents—"

"How many columns do you want?"

"Oh, as many as you please."

"When will the show be here?"

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"Just so. Well, our figures for big circuses like yours are \$150 a column cash down, and thirty per cent. of the gross receipts if the show is a success."

The circus agent seemed greatly affected.

"Isn't that rather steep?" he said.

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"Is it in this building?"

"Oh, no; this is simply the branch office—the place where we write up circuses. Our principal establishment—"

The advance agent groaned as if in agony and fled from the office.

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for I am done with interviews and interviewers, you know. Good evening, sir, good evening."

Working the Press.

The other afternoon a dapper little man, with a two-ounce cane and a half pound cluster diamond pin, came into the Virginia City Chronicle office, and asked if the amusement editor was in. When the man he sought was pointed out, the stranger grasped him warmly by the hand, remarking: "Delighted to meet you, sir—really I am. I've heard of you at every place I've stopped on my way from New York. I had such a curious life to see you that I got off at Reno, and took a run here. But, really, I had expected to find a much older man, considering the magnificent reputation your dramatic and circus criticisms have given you. All of our boys told me to be sure and see you, if I didn't see anything else in town."

"Ah!" said the editor, blushing

THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

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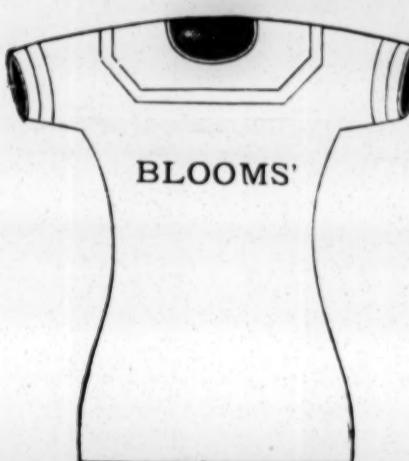
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